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# MY FATHER'S TRIP TO THE LIGHT

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*Mike attended Monroe's Lifeline in 1991 along with Author and near-death studies pioneer, Elizabeth Kubler-Ross. In this article Mike reflects on his ability to assist his father in transitioning to the afterlife based on what he learned while attending Lifeline. He states, "I'm sharing this with you, because the Lifeline program helped me to know what to do."*

I have been so moved by your stories and interest in near death experiences. Because I don't have a fear of death or questions about an afterlife I forget the extent that these concerns exist in the general population. I want to assist you in any way I can. What I mostly have to offer are the accounts of my experiences, realizing, of course, that this is inadequate to bring closure around this subject. Your own experiences would be a greater source of validation obviously, yet many don't have direct experience so a trusted resource can at least offer some comfort. I want you to know that I understand, as I share my most personal account and a happy ending, in my opinion.

I have another purpose for writing these post however. In western cultures there is a reticence to talk about death and the dying process. This is particularly true here the United States where people "battle" terminal illness as if it was a war to win or lose. We may hear that someone lost a battle with a disease like cancer, I don't think that kind of language is particularly helpful. Cancer is the #2 cause of death in America and #1 here and in California. Human bodies produce thousands of cancer cells daily and the immune system addresses most of them but as we get older our immune systems are not as strong. We all have cancer cells, it is a natural phenomenon. Toxins in the environment, stressors and other exacerbating agents can impact our vulnerability, but these are often unavoidable in modern society.

My dad died of pancreatic cancer in 2013. He and I had discussed his transition as his time was winding down. The last time I saw him, I told him that I would see him again. That he couldn't go somewhere that I couldn't find him. He said confidently with a smile, "Well I certainly hope so!" I didn't know if he meant that he thought he would still be around in this life to see me or he understood my reference that I would find him on the other side. I never abandoned some optimism that he might make it. Miracles do happen, though not that often with this kind of cancer.

Over the years I shared with him my out of body adventures. He always listened patiently, didn't ask too many questions. I always wondered what he really thought

about my stories. It then occurred, one night at dinner with some of his friends, out of nowhere he said rather proudly, “Well, Mike has out of body experiences.” I was taken aback by his announcement. The person sitting next me during dinner later asked me about them. Let’s face it, it’s a really odd talent, skill or maybe pathology depending on how one looks at. Certainly there is no recognition of it in the mental health community. I have never discussed it with a psychologist or someone in the medical field except my dad’s hospice nurse in his final days here. I wanted her to understand that I had discussed things like this with my dad. I was also feeling her out to see what her openness might be on this topic.

Hospice personnel are exposed to all kinds of things that could be interpreted as supernatural phenomenon. His nurse was not only receptive, she wanted to know more and I stayed in contact with her after his passing. As he reached the end, he slept most of the time and his doctor regularly increased his pain medication. More on this later.

I last saw my father in person during Thanksgiving week in 2013. I live in California and he in Virginia. Two nights before Thanksgiving Day, he was able to summon the energy to go to dinner with me at his favorite restaurant. The next night we were in the emergency room. He spent that night in the hospital and I picked him up. He was in good spirits so we went to a friend’s for an afternoon Thanksgiving dinner. He fell asleep on the couch sitting up, this was expected. People who are getting ready to leave sleep a lot, I was told they are getting acclimated to their new environment. Not unlike how babies sleep a lot as they too have a foot in both worlds after they arrive here.

My dad and my stepmother Trudy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary December 21st. The assisted living center where they lived had arranged a room for them to have a private dinner. He had been moved to the healthcare section of the facility by now and they brought him down for this very special occasion. They adored each other, more than I have ever witnessed two people in love. On December 26th 2013, Waverly Hobson Marable Jr. began his journey on the other side of the veil.

His memorial service was to be on that following Thursday and I immediately got on a plane to make my way back to Virginia. I stayed with a family friend at their home the night before his “Celebration of Life” service. Dad and Trudy had planned out every specific detail for each of their respective services, years in advance. The facility, speakers, music and reception were all ready to go, right down to the selected plates and napkins. This is not an exaggeration, it is how they lived their lives, and little was left to chance. People who lived through the depression era know what it feels like to be caught off guard by circumstances.

I awoke the morning of the service around 6 am, realizing that it was going to be a long demanding day on my energy, I went back to sleep. The next thing, almost immediately I was consciously aware of standing in a totally dark space illuminated by only the ambient light of a man standing with a red blanket covering him from his shoulders down to his calves. He was naked and was pulling it around him as if trying to stay warm. He was young, maybe late twenties. He had curly dark hair like Tony Curtis had

in the 1950s. As I got closer, I recognized who it was from pictures I had seen of my father when he was holding me as a baby. Realizing I needed to work quickly before I lost my control over this OBE state. (Emotions can cause someone to “blink out”, wake up). I instinctively knew what to do. He was in a dream like state, so I made eye contact with him and said, “Dad, wake up”. He looked at me, and a slight sense of recognition registered on his face, as if to say, “What’s going on?”. I said, dad it’s Mike, I need you to listen to me, ok?” He then looked down getting his bearings and said, “It’s so cold”.  The thought comes to me that he hasn’t been cremated yet. Then a light came from behind me over my right shoulder and illuminated his face and he was now lucid. With this, I Instinctively lifted him up in my arms and hoisted him up in the air. He begins to float up in to the darkness, the only light is the ambient light being given off by him and me. He rises up into the air, what I remember was looking up, thirty feet in the air and then he takes off like a rocket. A round opening in the darkness appears, at the level we might expect clouds to be in the sky, with the colors of the rainbow and I see him fly through it. The whole event from when I discovered him in this dark space and him exiting through this opening seemed like two minutes. I knew, I had to move fast. It felt like an emergency where one just reacts and somehow does the right things. He likely would have come out of his stupor after his body had been cremated, and moved on naturally.

I have been to see him on multiple occasions and he comes in to my dreams which almost always triggers lucidity and we have good conversations. Not as father and son so much as peers who shared a life together.